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#### DYING IN THE HOSPITAL.

I am dying, mother, in the hospital alone,  
With a hundred faces round me, not a single one  
I know.  
And the Union heart within me, like a wounded flut-  
tering dove,  
Hangs with a ceaseless yearning for an answering  
word of love.  
Oh, "is hard," "is hard," my mother, thus to linger day  
by day,  
Dying without the music of the lullaby  
array.  
Dying far from home and kindred—robbed of all life's  
dearest joys,  
With the eager eyes out-gazing, but to meet with  
stranger eyes.  
It were sweet to fall, my mother, with the battle  
ringing round,  
And to leap from earth to heaven at a single patriot  
bound.  
It were sweet to feel that glory would check the tears  
of woe.  
That of our hearts whose grief were deepest a gush  
of pride would flow.  
But to lie at night, dear mother, and list the wailing  
trials,  
As it falls upon my heart, I seem a prisoner with the  
dead.  
And I long to lose my sense of pain, to find a calm  
repose,  
And to sink each vain, vain longing in a silent sea of  
peace.  
Oh, could I see, dear mother, the dog that guards  
our door,  
It would make each life thro' at my heart beat quicker  
than before,  
And the musing of your own dear hands, the breath  
of our old hills,  
Would send a flood of fresh life back through all these  
dying rills.  
But it may not be, loved mother, I must die here all  
alone.  
Where a hundred faces round me, not a single one  
I know.  
With the human heart within me hungering like a  
wounded dove,  
For the soft glance of my mother and her dear home  
words of love.  
Ah, the heart of man, loved mother, is as countless  
as a rock,  
In a time of mortal danger in the battles deadly  
fought;  
But when—alone and dying, how he craves affection's  
bless.  
Craves woman's strength in weakness, and a cheere,  
light in her eyes,  
Oh, the dreams, the dreams, my mother, that have  
vanished from my sky,  
Like the misty mountains vapors that before the sun-  
light fly.  
All the golden dreams of glory, with their rainbow  
tints of fame,  
That would link with deeds of valor, my bright, my  
dearest name!  
Where are they now, dear mother? Like a mirage or  
the plan,  
Like a bubble on the ocean, like a flower on the plain,  
Like the sweetest flowers of autumn when they feel  
the biting frost.  
All those glorious aspirations—they are lost, forever  
lost!  
Yet if I could live, my mother, I know I still should go  
and help to rid our country of her traitorous foe!  
For you have taught me long ago that he was not a  
man,  
Who would not in a time like this step forward with  
the van.  
And though I have, my mother, no laurel crown of  
fame,  
There is not linked with my past life a single breath of  
shame,  
And though I never shall see your face, I will no  
more complain,  
For I know that not a sparrow falls to the ground  
in vain.  
But another dawn, sweet mother, is breaking o'er me  
now,  
When to gaze on your sunlight beams, it will find a  
rain, cold, but  
And another glow, dear mother, it will find from the  
dawn,  
God bless you, dearest mother, and good-by forever  
more.

#### THE FOUNTAINS OF THE NILE

The announcement that the source of the Nile has at last been satisfactorily determined by a company of British adventurers is just now drawing attention to that subject. The place of the fountains of that most celebrated river has been among the chief mysteries of past ages, and few subjects have awakened a livelier interest than their proposed discovery, and now that the thing is done, the name of the leader of the fortunate expedition seems likely to become a household word, and to be treasured up among those who are destined to be remembered. The real value of these discoveries is probably less than that of a good many others, whose authors' names the world has never heard, though these are not without their real value. But to succeed where so many have failed is a feat that entitles its performer to notoriety. The discovery of the sources of the Nile will probably stand as the greatest scientific feat of the year, solving as it does, the last considerable geographical problem of Africa, if not indeed the whole world. The principal actor in this grand feat is a British soldier—Captain Speke—who also aspires to the name of a *savon* and a man of letters.

From remote antiquity the Nile was esteemed a sacred river. Egypt, itself the creation of its river, is recognized as the cradle of civilization—not that an older civilization had not flourished in the East, but that of Egypt is the oldest of any detailed in profane history, and the lineal predecessor of that of Greece and Rome. To deity great rivers seem to be an instinctive tendency among people living upon their banks, and beyond all others the Nile

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presented the conditions best fitted to facilitate that tendency. It was the sole source of food and drink for all Egypt, and by the constancy of its munificence it stood before the people as their best emblem of that all-sufficiency of Providence which the human heart demands, a supreme provider, that "giveth to all life, and breath, and all things."

Doubtless the superstitious veneration in which the Egyptians held their sacred river in no small degree enhanced by the mystery that hung over its origin. It came to them from an unknown land, a region that no man had seen, and from which there came no tidings. The place and character of the fountains that fed the fertilizing floods of the great river were left to the sport of men's imaginations, and it is not at all strange that they were placed in a region of prodigies, and themselves invested with wonderful properties. And, in fact, no other region of the earth has been made to the same degree the theatre of pleasing legends and strange fantasies as this, the *locus* of the "Happy Valley" of Rasselas and the barbaric throne of "Prester John." It seemed almost a thing to be desired that such a place might have been kept from human scrutiny as a play-ground for the imagination, where its fancy might build its air-castles and people them with its favorite creation.

But alongside of men's intuitive tendency to reverence the mysterious and unknown is found a restless inclination to pry into whatever is shut up and explore all mysteries. So, from a very early period it became a matter of deep interest among the learned Egyptians to trace the sacred river to its hidden springs. How far they extended their investigations, and to what extent they carried their geographical researches, can not be certainly determined, but the modern traveler is not unfrequently surprised to find evidences of their former presence in regions where he had feared and imagined no man had ever before come. In the second century, Ptolemy, the astronomer, devoted much attention to the geography of Upper Egypt, and recorded facts respecting the sources of the Nile that coincide strongly with the results of modern discoveries. He states that the White Nile has its source in two lakes which are themselves fed from the melting snow of the adjacent hills, which hills he styles the "Mountains of the Moon." There are also said to be ancient maps which locate the branches of the river and the great lakes that feed them not very different from their recently determined positions.

Of the two Ethiopian rivers, known respectively as the Blue and the White Nile, which unite above the cataracts and thus form the great Ethiopian river, the former, or eastern branch, brings its blue water from the high hills of Abyssinia. This was formerly reckoned as the only real Upper Nile, and accordingly it was first explored. The Jesuit missionaries, during the sixteenth century, traced it to its fountain head, in which they were followed nearly two hundred years later by the Scotch traveler, Bruce. During all this time the more western branch, called from the turbid, milky appearance of its waters, the White Nile, though the larger of the two, received but little attention, and its source continued to be a profound mystery. Its exploration was, however, undertaken in earnest by Ali Pasha, who, from 1839 to 1842, sent out three separate expeditions for that purpose, but none of them advanced further than about the fifth degree of north latitude, and at the utmost point to which they proceeded the river was still a broad and deep stream, and the natives assured that it continued thirty days' journey further. Later explorations, though they have added much to the general knowledge of the whole region, have not at all enlarged the area of our information respecting it. In this state matters stood till taken in hand by those to whom has fallen the good fortune to win the prize for which many have striven in vain.

In 1858 an expedition set out from Zanzibar, led by two British officers, Captain Burton and Lieutenant Speke, both in the India service, and proceeded due west to the region indicated by geographers as the place of the "Mountains of the Moon." There, in an elevated, but not especially mountainous country, they found the Lake Tanganyika, extending more than two hundred miles north and south, and filling an elongated valley in the mountain range. The northern extremity of this lake lies more than three degrees south of the equator, and the travelers believed that it did not discharge its waters northward. Lieutenant Speke also made a separate journey some two hundred miles north-eastward, and between the third and second degrees of south latitude he found a vast inland sea—the Lake Nyanza—full of islands, and wider than he could see across. This he fully believed to be the source of the White Nile, from which conclusion Captain Burton stoutly dissented, on purely theoretical grounds. A rather unedifying controversy on the subject was carried on between the contestants after their return, and at length Lieutenant Speke determined to submit the question to the test of experiment, by passing from the lake down its effluent into the Nile; and this after two years of herculean labors, he has accomplished. The amateur in geographical studies may now weep that there is nothing further to be done.

In its relations to geographical science this discovery is a valuable one,

and scarcely less so to meteorology and climatology. The Nile is shown to be drainage of the equatorial highlands, which, by arresting the eastern monsoons, deprive them of their moisture, which on the mountain tops form vast masses of snow and ice, and in the valleys extensive lakes; all of which pour their overflows into a common current, carrying fertility and life to rainless and otherwise desert Egypt. On the western slopes of these highlands rain seldom falls, and that region is mostly a sterile waste.

Not the least curious fact brought out by these discoveries is the nearly exact conformity of the great features of the region, as now made out, to the description of them given by Ptolemy in the second century. His two lakes, which stand as the chief fountains of the great river, answer not in position to Nyanza and Tanganyika; nor is it altogether improbable that further explorations will show that the latter as well as the former discharges its waters northward into the Nile. By such methods is the present generation of men carrying their researches into the hitherto unknown regions; but it may somewhat abate our self-complacency to find at each step that we are only re-discovering the lost wisdom of the ancients, and regaining what a later age permitted to be lost.

—W. C. Adams.

#### A HORRIBLE BUT TRUE STORY.

AN IDIOT'S SUFFERINGS FOR TWENTY YEARS.—The following horrible story appears in the *London Times*; it is from the pen of Mr. Sydney Hodges, Secretary of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society:

"For some years past rumors have been current that the brother of a man named Porter, living in comfortable circumstances at Flushing, had been kept for many years in close confinement in a small room at the back of the premises in which Porter and his family reside. Heart-rending cries and howls have been repeatedly heard by the neighbors, especially on cold, winter nights; but, although the sympathy of many was aroused, no one deemed it his duty to inquire into the circumstances of the case, not dreaming, probably, of the horrors that were to be revealed.

"Rather more than a year ago Dr. Byrne, a well-known medical practitioner from the county of Durham, now residing in this town, was compelled to seek the warm climate of Flushing for his health, and incidentally heard of these rumors. Not satisfied to allow the matter to be undisturbed, he collected all the evidence he could, and was so satisfied that the case was one demanding a strict inquiry that he communicated the facts to the Home Secretary, who at once appointed him special commissioner, and sent down two other commissioners, who, in company with Dr. Byrne, went to Porter's house on Thursday last, and demanded admission to his brother. Porter himself was absent, but after some little parley with the other inmates, Dr. Byrne who had obtained some insight into the plan of the premises, led the way through the house, across a yard, and up a flight of steps, where, concealed from view, around a corner, they found a door which admitted them to the miserable den in which the poor lunatic was confined.

"The sight which met their gaze was too revolting to be described with all its horrid details. The place consisted of four bare, wet, plaster walls, with a small window one side, and the door by which they had entered; a doorway opposite, formerly communicating with the house, was plastered up, so as to cut off all communication except by the flight of steps at the back. In one corner of the room was a wretched truckle bedstead, with cross pieces of wood, rotten with filth, about six inches wide, and the same distance apart. On these bare boards was crouched a being more resembling a baboon than a man, drawn and cramped from long exposure and suffering out of all form of humanity, stark naked, and with only two old rotten bags for a coverlet. I have said like a baboon, from the peculiar form into which the limbs were drawn; the knees almost touched the chin, and were pressed closely upon the chest. I imagined for warmth; the feet close together and bent over the other, the hands clenched and brought up close to the chin; the arms closely pressed against the sides. The knees and hip joints were ankylosed; the elbow joints were also stiffening. The floor and walls were one mass of accumulated filth, the floor had rotted from it, and the stench can only be described as horrible; and there are other circumstances of the case too dreadful for publication.

"For upwards of twenty years the tender mercies of his nearest relatives have consigned him to this living tomb—not a rag to lie upon, not even a whisp of straw—nothing but the naked board, and the two old bags to cover him. Would a raging maniac be consigned to such a doom? God forbid! What, let us ask, is the mental condition of this poor wretch? Simply imbecile. A most mild, benevolent expression of countenance, a child like submission to all that is done to him, no symptoms of violence or even anger of any kind, and strong indications of intelligence in many things, even after these many years of neglect and cruelty. On Sunday, in company of Dr. Byrne and some friends I visited the poor creature, for the purpose of getting a sketch of the remarkable position in which he had remained for so many years. The arrangement

being then completed, several intelligent keepers from the county asylum washed, dressed and took him away to that admirably conducted establishment at Bodmin, where we fervently hope that his mental and bodily condition may be improved.

"Of all the moving incidents of the case, not the least was the scene upon emerging from the house. Many hundreds of people had collected around the conveyance, to which the keeper carried him like a child. "My God! can that be a man?" "God bless you, Dr. Byrne!" were the exclamations that burst from the lips of the multitude. Few eyes were dry, especially when some one who had known the poor sufferer when he was a strong, intelligent youth, pressed forward and shook him by the hand. I am told that the Commissioners stated that in their experience of forty years, they had never met with a case so awful."

#### CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.

SENATE.

Mr. DIXON of Conn., presented a memorial from ministers of the Gospel, asking that when drafted they be employed as chaplains or in hospitals.

Mr. WILSON, of Mass., presented the petition of Col. T. W. Higginson, praying for information as to the pay of colored troops, compared with that of privates in the regular army, and asking for the same pay as volunteers.

Mr. GRIMES, of Iowa, offered a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to furnish the names and grades of officers in the United States service now stationed in and around Washington who draw commutation for their quarters or fuel. Agreed to.

On motion of Mr. DAVIS of Ky., the Secretary of War was requested to furnish the papers relating to the exchange of prisoners.

Mr. CARLILE of Va., offered a lengthy resolution, stating that, as a result of a compact of States, each State for itself adopted the Constitution of the United States as it adopted its own State Constitution. Laid over.

Mr. HOWARD's resolution that the Committee on the Judiciary consider the propriety of repealing the joint resolution of July 17, 1842, which prohibits a forfeiture of real estate beyond the natural life of the offender, was adopted.

The House bill making appropriations for the Postoffice Department for the fiscal year, was referred to the Finance Committee.

Mr. HOWE, of Wis., offered a resolution that the President be requested to call out a million volunteers for 90 days, to carry freedom to every captive in rebel prisons, and that Gen. Grant be assigned to the command of said troops. Referred to the Military Committee, and ordered to be printed.

The bill for continuing the bounties to volunteers was taken up, and on motion of Mr. Fessenden of Maine, referred to the Committee on Finance, with the understanding that it should be early reported.

The message of the President, and the documents on the same subject, were referred to the same Committee.

Mr. WILSON moved to take up the bill for enrolling the National forces.

The Senate proceeded to act on the amendments of the Military Committee, which were all adopted, save section 20 (repealing the \$300 clause), which will be considered hereafter.

Mr. DAVIS of Ky., opposed the 4th section of the Enrollment Bill, providing for the furnishing of substitutes. He denied that the Secretary of War had any power to remittany portion of the time of the veteran soldiers, and he (Davis) called it an act of injustice to the country. The veterans had stipulated for three years.

Mr. WILSON replied that the veterans were mustered into the service for three years, unless sooner discharged. The Senate agreed to take up the \$200 clause to-morrow.

Mr. SUMNER of Mass., presented a substitute for the clause.

After Executive session, the Senate adjourned.

#### Who Refuses to Exchange Prisoners?

The Copperhead presses have endeavored to get up a prejudice against the Administration by representing that it is in fault for the stoppage of exchanges. General Butler has just proved, in his peculiar and striking way, that the rebels who refuse to exchange, and who are in fault, and not the Government. He put five hundred rebel prisoners on board of a flag of truce boat, and sent them up to City Point; he received in return five hundred of our men. But when he was about to send another boat-load of five hundred to City Point, the rebels refused to receive them and to give us the same number of men in exchange. Will the *World* continue, after this, to accuse Mr. Stanton of stopping the exchange?

Jeff Davis demands that we shall give up at once all the prisoners in our possession, in exchange for those he holds. Now, we have between forty-five and fifty thousand, and Davis holds of our men only between ten and fifteen thousand. No doubt Davis thinks it is very important to reinforce his armies; he would like to add to Lee, or to Longstreet, or to Johnston, immediately, the forty and fifty thousand veterans we hold. He thinks that by asking for them he can get them—if only the Copperhead press, and Congressmen of the same stripe, in the North will help him. But his trick has been exposed by General Butler. [New York Tribune.]

#### A Beautiful Subject for a National Anthem

The summit of Missionary Ridge is one thousand feet above the level of the Tennessee River, and towers aloft in grandeur a fitting monument to commemorate the great victory achieved by our national arms on the memorable 25th of November. On that day the Star Spangled Banner could be discerned slowly scaling the steep and rugged ascent, riveting the gaze of thousands of anxious spectators in line of battle below.

It seems that the 86th and 87th Indiana and the 11th Ohio had failed to receive the order to halt, when it was given to the line of battle. Onward they moved, as it were, to the very jaws of death.

The terrible suspense of their brave comrades was only equalled by that of the great Napoleon when he stood upon the summit of a ridge at Waterloo, gazing between hope and despair at the last grand charge of his Old Guard, until they were lost to sight in the clouds of smoke from the enemy's cannon. Step by step they ascended until within fifty yards of the bristling bayonets of the Rebel lines, when they received the order to lie down. The Rebels opened upon them, and volley after volley was poured into their ranks, midst the wild and enthusiastic shouts of the Rebels and the defiant waving of the stars and bars (said to have been done by Bragg in person). Springing to their feet with energy of desperation, the glorious 86th Indiana leads the grand charge to victory or death, followed by the 87th and 11th Ohio, and onward they pushed their columns through a shower of bullets that rattled like hail, and were lost to view in the smoke of battle.

A deathly stillness pervaded the line of battle below for a few moments, when the anxious inquiry passed along the line, "Is our flag still there?" It seemed like hoping against hope to expect that the three regiments had met any other fate than instant annihilation. Every minute seemed a month for half an hour, at the end of which time the smoke disappeared, and our glorious flag greeted the anxious spectators, floating in triumph over the rebel works. It was the war-worn banner of the Eighty-seventh Indiana, which was held until reinforcements came up and secured the position gained by the most daring and terrible charge that ever history recorded.

The flag of the Eighty-sixth Indiana that sealed this victory, received in its folds eighty-six shots—emblematic of the regiment it is so gallantly led through the ranks of death to a crowning victory. The staff was broken by a ball, but it still waves over one of the most gallant regiments that ever entered the field of battle.

The answer on that memorable night to ten thousand inquiries infused a new spirit in the army as it resounded along the line—Yes, our flag is still there! Forty thousand spectators who witnessed the thrilling scene and asked the question while held in fearful suspense, will ask it as often as returning memory brings to mind the grand charge of the three gallant regiments on Missionary Ridge.

Who will commemorate this great achievement and the thrilling incidents associated with it in poetry? The subject is one eminently worthy of our best poets, and could be embodied in a National anthem that would inspire all patriotic hearts with renewed devotion to the glorious flag of our country.—[Louisville Journal.]

#### Meade's Explanation of his Late Movement.

New York, Jan. 7.—The Rev. S. A. Hale, of Dover, N. H., recently visited the army of the Potomac, and called upon Gen. Meade. He writes to a New Hampshire paper that he asked Meade to explain his last campaign, and the General was kind enough to do so as follows:

"I went over the river to fight, and if my orders had been obeyed, I am confident that Lee's army might have been defeated. My plan was to cross at Germania Ford, take the road to Orange C. H., and push on rapidly, and if Lee should send forces to stop me, to attack him in force, and destroy that portion of his army before he could concentrate the whole of it to oppose me; but one of my corps commanders failed me. He was commanded to march at six o'clock in the morning, but he did not move till eight. He was directed, if Lee sent forces to oppose him, to attack at once. Lee did send Ewell down the Orange C. H. road, just as I expected, but my general stood and looked at him all day, and did not fight, so we lost twenty-four hours, and gave Lee notice and time to concentrate his army, and take so strong a position that it could not be carried without great loss and a risk of losing our army. Such a fight would have damaged us and encouraged the rebels, and prolonged the war, and I gave the order to retreat."

#### Something in Favor of Marriage.

Powers, the sculptor, writing to a friend on the folly of marrying without the means to support a family, expresses frankly his own fear, when he found himself in this very position: "To tell the truth, however, family and poverty have done more to support me, than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions which I hardly thought myself capable of, and often when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward, to a corner, to fight like a hornet, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones."

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run half-way to meet it.

Correspondence Lancaster Gazette.  
PEEKSKILL, N. Y.,  
Dec. 30, 1863.

Messrs. Editors:—I have just returned from New York City, where I have been to see two Monitors,—one the Dictator, which I suppose is the largest and most formidable war vessel in the world, and the other, the Onondaga, a double turreted Monitor. Supposing a description of them would be interesting to you, and perhaps to the readers of your paper, I will give you what information I have gathered concerning them, and in doing so I will be as brief as possible.

The Dictator, the largest vessel of the kind afloat, is building at the Delamater Iron-works. About a month ago an attempt was made to launch her. She moved about four feet, but would go no farther, although a powerful ram and several large tug-boats were used. Another attempt last Saturday proved successful.

Her length is 314 feet, breadth 50 feet, and depth 22½ feet. She is built almost exclusively of iron, her frame entirely so. The frame covering consists of heavy timbers, 14½ inches square, placed lengthwise, and securely bolted together with screw bolts, without nuts. This covering is 34 feet thick. The armor consists of 11 inches of iron. First are 4 one-inch plates, over which are wrought-iron beams, 5 inches thick by 3 inches wide and a covering of the whole of two 1-inch plates, all bolted through and through. This armor, backed by the heavy 14½ inch timbers, extends down her side about six feet, and projects out into the water about 4 feet all around. Beneath this projection, and extending two feet downward, is an armor of the same thickness, leaving 1½ feet with a covering of but one-inch plates. The weight of this armor is about 525 tons, in itself a burden for a good-sized vessel. The material cost about \$60,000.

The Dictator is not yet plated. The plates are to be 1½ inches thick—the whole thickness of deck armor. The deck is free from all useless obstructions, nothing but the smoke-stack and turret to be placed thereon. The turret is in the works, incomplete. It is to be entirely of iron, consisting of inch plates and 5-inch beams, same as side armor, and is planned for two guns of large calibre; its weight is nearly 500 tons, almost as heavy as side armor.

Her engines are placed, and are monsters. The cylinders, of which there are two, are placed about ship. They are 100-inch bore, with 4 feet stroke of piston. They are placed in two large keelsons, 10 feet deep and 2 feet wide, of wrought iron.

The boilers are not yet aboard, but are on the dock ready. They are six in number. You could not conceive what amount of work there is on them. Each boiler has six furnaces, making 36 in all, with an aggregate of 1190 feet of grate surface. Altogether they weigh about 420 tons. The cost is about \$40,000 each.

The screw, or propeller, is 21½ feet in diameter, having a pitch of 34 feet, and weighs 39,000 lbs. It is well protected, and it would be almost impossible for a ball to reach it. The shaft is immense, weighing 36 tons.

As she now stands, minus her turret, deck armor, boilers, and a portion of her machinery, she stands high out of the water, her bow being about 10 feet, and her stern about 4 feet above the surface. When armed and equipped, she will stand near two feet above water, and cannot be seen at this distance of four miles on the water.

There is much yet to be done to the vessel, but when finished it is thought she will be capable of "dictating" to Johnny Bull, if need be.

The Onondaga is a Monitor of two turrets, and lies at the Iron-works on East river. She is rapidly nearing completion, and although not so large as the Dictator, will still be formidable. Her armor is about the same as that of the ordinary Monitors. Her engines are placed, but her boilers are not. Her turrets are of the usual construction, with the exception of the riveting, a new plan having been adopted, which will preserve the gunners from flying bolts. A jacket, two inches thick, is slipped over the main turret, and the space between them is filled with a mixture of cast-iron borings, sal ammoniac and borax, which is driven in tightly. As the bolts do not go through the outer jacket, none can be driven into the turret. The turrets are being built in their places on deck, and are pierced for two guns apiece. Her armament will consist of two 15-inch guns and two rifled Parrotts. It is so arranged that the muzzles of the guns can be run out of the port-holes. A

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large force is at work on her, and she bids fair to soon be ready for service.

A man has not seen all the wonders until he has visited some of the Works where these vessels are built. One may read of them, but he is as much astonished on beholding them as tho' he had never heard of them. If it were not encroaching too much on your time, I would give you a description of some of the wonders. Perhaps I may do so at some future time. They must be seen to be rightly appreciated.

Yours,  
HOMER ANDERSON.

#### Serious Railroad Accident.

DAYTON, Jan. 5.—The passenger train from Cincinnati and Dayton collided, seven miles below this city, at 10 o'clock this morning. The baggage master, Tom Davis, on Palter's train was killed, and some 15 or 20 others. Dr. Willard, dentist, is reported among the fatally injured. One lady and child had to be cut out of the car with axes. They were badly harmed.

Many of the passengers were badly injured, had legs or arms broken, or received severe contusions.

Of sixty-seven royal and imperial Queens of France, only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery or of sin. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest. The pillow of royalty is, indeed, filled with thorns. And though crowns may look very bright, they feel very cold, heavy, and hard.

The same principle applies to all happiness that is expected to flow from mere position or circumstance. Joy is an attribute of mind, not matter. Relations of matter are not requisite to its highest exercise. He whose soul is right has a higher blessedness in the worst material surroundings than he whose soul is wrong and material surrounding the best.

The *Hallam American*, of which C. C. Fulton, Esq., is the editor, nominates Abraham Lincoln as the candidate for President in 1864. The *American* is now, and we may say has been for some years, the most influential Journal in the Slave States. It was not in 1860, a Republican Journal, and did not advocate the election of Mr. Lincoln, but if we remember rightly, supported the Bell Everett ticket.

#### Artistic Ward's Toast.

"Ladies," sex I turn to the beautiful females whose presents were perfuming the fair grove, "I hope you enjoy yourselves on this occasion, and the lemon aid ice water or which you drink may not go agin you. May you allers be as fine as the sun—as bright as the moon—as butiful as an array of Union flags—also plenty of good close to ware."

"To your sex—commonly called the fair sex—we are indebted for bormin' as well as for many other blessings in these low gowns as sorrow. Some poor speckled fools blame yure sex for the difficulty in the garden; but I know men are a dastful set, and when the apple had becom ripe, I hev no dourt Adam would have rigged a cidor press and like as not went into a big bust, and bin driven off anyway. Yure fast nuther was a lady, an' awl datters is ditto, an' none but a loafin' cuss will say a word agin you. Hopin' that no ware or trouble may ride across yure peaceful breasts, and I konkluded the remarks with the follerin' centiment:

"Woman—She is a good ogg."

#### Three Good Things.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to pray for—faith, peace, and purity of heart. Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a cheerful spirit. Three things to like—cordiality, good humor, and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to patronize—good books, good friends and good newspapers.

Upon the trial of a suit for divorce, one of the witnesses was asked whether he had spoken to any of the jury since the trial commenced. "Yes, sir, I spoke to Mr. —," pointing to a jurymen with a face as red as a blood beet. "What did you say to him?" Witness appeared reluctant to tell. The attorney insisted upon an answer. "Well," said the witness, "I told him that he had a d—d pretty face to sit on a jury to decide whether a man was a habitual drunkard or not!"

A gallant soldier was once heard to say that his only measure of courage was this: "Upon the first fire I immediately look upon myself as a dead man; I then fight the remainder of the day as regardless of danger as a dead man should be. All my limbs which I carry out of the field I regard as so much gained or as so much saved out of the fire."

An old writer says that to make an entirely beautiful woman it would be necessary to take the head from Greece, the bust from Austria, the feet from Hindostan, the shoulders from Italy, the walk from Spain, and the complexion from England. At that rate she would be mosaic, and the man who married her might well be said to have "taken up a collection!"